

Gwyn kindly ; "a small cut, which will soon be put all right with a bit of sticking-plaister."

"Sticking-plaister, sir?—not a bit have I in the house, not a bit anywhere."

"Haven't you? Well, let me see," and Mr. Gwyn began searching in his pockets ; "perhaps I have my case with me. I have six children of my own, and I generally find sticking-plaister pretty useful."

Jackie was carried into the house, while Mr. Gwyn searched his pockets ; then knocking—for the cottage door had become partly closed—Mr. Gwyn asked, "May I come in?"

"Tom, where be your manners? Open the door to the gentleman," came in a sharp voice from the inside.

"Yes, sir, Jackie can make shift to spell out a page or two ; but he don't read as well as he should—he don't sit still long enough. May here, though she be a year younger, she be the best scholar of the two."

May was a shy child, and at this unwonted praise from her mother she blushed a rosy red.

"And does May go to Sunday School?"

A shake of the flaxen head was the only reply.

"Mrs. Winter, I hope you will let Jackie and May come to Sunday School."

"Well, sir, I'll see," but Susan's tone was rather hesitating ; then suddenly there floated across her mind the thought that this arrangement would give her an hour or two's more freedom on Sundays, so



"TOM'S CALCULATIONS WERE UPSET."

With a sulky manner the door was opened, and then, muttering something about "picking up his fish," Tom strode out into the street, banging the door after him. Not a very gracious reception, thought Mr. Gwyn.

Jackie was stretched on the small horsehair sofa, Susan engaged in bathing his leg, and by her side, looking wonderingly on, stood, Mr. Gwyn thought, the prettiest little girl he had seen for many a day—a veritable fairy. The plaistering business was got over with scarcely a whimper, thanks to the Vicar, for he told such droll stories about his own children that Jackie's attention was entirely diverted, and he almost forgot he was being doctored at all.

"You can read, Jackie, of course," and a roguish look stole into Mr. Gwyn's eyes.

she added, "I daresay I'll be able to get round 'father' to promise as much. An old neighbour down the street—Mrs. May (whose word he sets a deal of store by)—has been at us this some time back to let the children go ; but Tom and I, we don't set ourselves up for being religious folk—we pays our way, though, and we bai'n't worse than our neighbours," and Susan Winter gave her head a toss.

As Mr. Gwyn wended his way home in the twilight, Susan Winter's words came back to him : "We pays our way, and we bai'n't worse than our neighbours." Poor woman ! poor, misguided woman ! was this the only ground she could find on which to base her hopes for Eternity for herself and for those near and dear to her?

(To be continued.)